

Juwan Shahir

"Hit The Streets"

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(Intro - Bruce Lee)

See actually I do not teach
You know, Karate
Because I do not believe in styles anymore
I do not believe that there is such thing
As Chinese way of fighting, or Japanese way of fighting
Or, whatever way of fighting. Because unless a human
being
Have 3 arms and 4 legs, we will have a different form
of fighting.

(Juwan Shahir)

Yea
Shadowville Productions
JS
Uh, Uh

(Verse 1)

I got the slickness
With the gripness, make you sweat
Lose a couple inches
This is not minor Business

This is Street shit
Not that MTV shit
I'm slick without the L
Make you grip without the G

One and Only Prodigy
No one can embody me
Try to copy me will
Lead to cruel dishonesty

Don't even try
To follow me
My footsteps slippery
But don't stumble upon me

(Chorus 2x)

Sickest thing to hit the streets

Since crack, coke, weed
Call my flow a lyrical plant
And the microphone's it's seed

I'm all the game
Ever needed
I'm the monster
That my influence has breded

(Verse 2)
Single-Handedly
Feed rap hungry fans
Cause memory loss
To a full grown man

The younger the mind,
The more effective
The hotter the flow,
The more expected

Simply neglected
Is what you are
Simply perfected
Is what I am

It doesn't matter
How you spit
We all got a tongue and a mic
Everyone has the same capability

We are all alike

But what matter is
How much effort you put in, Hard workers
Make the most money , in the end

Stealin' beats
And an unsteady flow
Is a direct path
To stayin' broke

Better leave the facts alone
Stayin' true
And not fakin'
Keep Your raps fully grown

I lift bars
The Ones that you spit
Now go tell all your homies
That J.S. is the shit

(Chorus 2x)

(Verse 3)

Shinin' in the streets
You'll be blinded from my heat
Disorganized in the mind
But my raps real neat

For all of those
Who think they all that
'Cause they got a semi-auto
I'ma break you, like I broke a lotto

My Motto
Don't ever be a faker
Write it on paper
So my hand filled with paper

Hard attitude
I never cease to amaze
A lyrical undertaker
I leave you right in your grave

I'm not the one
Who can save
You, Your family
Or Your own Fate

I was destined
For haters downfall
Get on your knees because
You have no choice, but to crawl

Hit you straight in the eye
That way You can cry, vocal chord punishment
And way you'll know why that
I ain't the only kid makin' a fool out of you

Haha
Yea

(Chorus 2x)

(Outro - Bruce Lee)

Basically, we only have two hands and two feet
So styles tends to not only seperate man,
Because they have their own adoptions
And their adoptions, become the gospel truth
That you cannot change.....

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